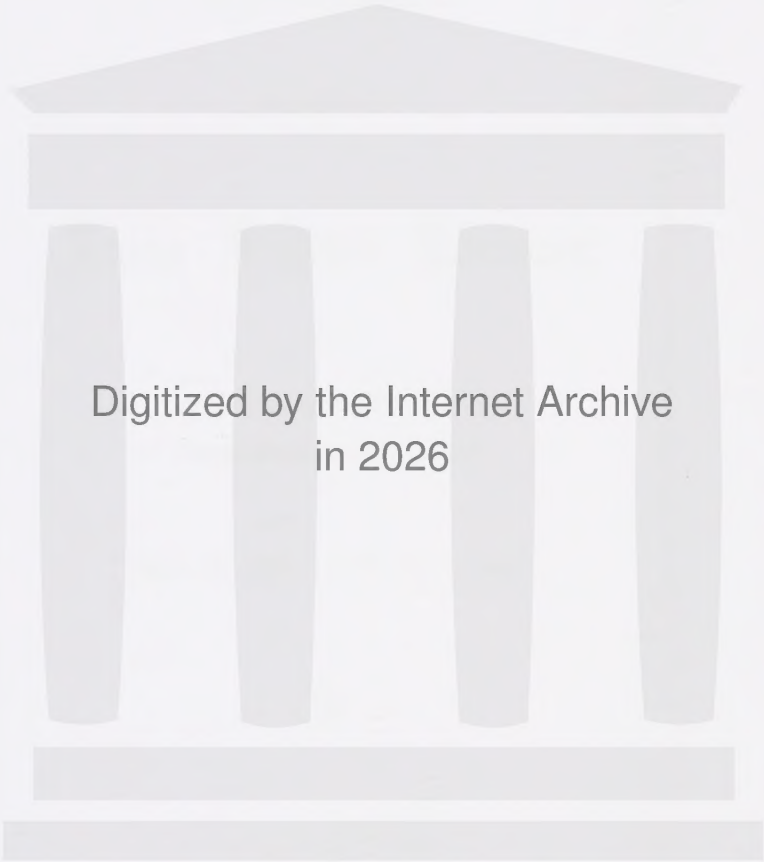
In Memoriam. Amila Hudson Lemmon

Born August 27, 1802. Died October 7, 1885. Aged 83 Years, 1 Month And 11 Days

INA DONNA COOLBRITH

In Memoriam. Amila Hudson Lemmon


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/isbn_9781378426289

IN MEMORIAM.

Amila Hudson Lemmon.

Born August 27, 1802.

Died October 7, 1885.

Aged 83 years, 1 month and 11 days.

COMPILED BY J. G. LEMMON,
OAKLAND, CAL.,
DEC., 1885.

Bentley Historical
Library
University of Michigan

AMILA HUDSON LEMMON.

BRIEF SKETCH OF HER

LIFE AND LABORS.

[Compiled from an article in the *Pacific Rural Press* by M. J. T.]

AMILA HUDSON LEMMON, born near Geneva, in Seneca County, New York, Aug. 27, 1802, was a descendant of the English family of Henry Hudson, the discoverer of Hudson river and bay. Her father, Henry Hudson, died at an early age, leaving two sons—Henry and William, and two daughters—Amila and Jane Belinda (all now deceased).

Her youngest brother, Col. William Hudson, early became one of the wealthiest and most distinguished citizens and public benefactors of the large and flourishing town of Geneva. For many years he filled its chief offices and was always chosen its honored representative on festal and ceremonial occasions, notably the reception of General La Fayette, and of other such renowned personages.

At the age of 17, Amila Hudson, the subject of this sketch, became a member of the Baptist Church. Her piety was more practical than professional, and in a true, modest, Christian way throughout her long life, she ever earnestly sought to do good to all around her. She had no sympathy with those whose religion consists largely in outward and wordy professions.

In her nineteenth year she was married to Wm. Lemmon, an enterprising farmer of Seneca County, New York. In 1830 Mrs. Lemmon, with her husband and seven small children, removed to the interior of Michigan, where she braved the loneliness and hardships of a rough frontier life, having frequent encounters with the savage aborigines, who more than once threatened the lives of her husband and his family; but with whom they eventually became great favorites.

In the early malarious condition of Michican, sickness was not wanting to add jewels to her crown of patient motherhood. On many occasions her entire family lay helplessly sick, when she spent days of ceaseless watching beside the little sufferers, with none near to lend an aiding hand, for her husband had become a stock-drover and often was obliged to be gone on long trips to Ohio for horses and cattle.

Ere-long they succeeded in establishing a home; the Lemmon house, or as it was often called, the

"Lake Cottage" being one of the first that was erected in Lima, by 4-Mile Lake, near Dexter, Michigan. It consisted of a large and comfortable log house, and it is recorded that it was the only one built without having been "wet down" with whisky—the universal custom at that period of our history. Her oldest children well remember the time when, without the aid of matches, she struggled in mid-winter to kindle fire in the primitive style, with a flint and steel, it being before the invention of matches, only succeeding sometimes, after repeated efforts had failed. Often her little boys had to go a mile and a half to the nearest neighbor for fire in early winter mornings. Words can scarcely convey to the present generation anything like a true idea of the varied and great privations, as well as labors and sufferings, with which this brave and faithful mother had to contend, and all with a cheerfulness and tact at once as admirable as they are rare; and to which many of her early friends, still living, bear witness.

The wants and needs of a new country have none greater than those of a mid-wife and general nurse, and Mrs. Lemmon, being quick to learn, skillful and conscientious, soon became self-installed in that work and she diligently ministered to the inhabitants of a large scope of country around her for over thirty years.

While still struggling with the privations and

duties of pioneer life, she was left a widow at the early age of 34. Shortly before the death of her husband, two children also died, leaving her still with seven little ones to support and educate.

During the gold excitement of California, her three eldest sons, William C., B. Frank. and Alexis B. (the latter deceased, near Downieville), left her maternal care to seek fortunes in the Far West, where they remained, and in 1860 she joined them here, accompanied by her youngest daughter, Mrs. Amila H. Peters, since deceased at Carson, Nevada.

In 1863, when the Sacramento Valley, near Marysville, lay inundated, the subject of this rough pen picture was among the sufferers, having lost all, save one silver spoon! She barely escaped drowning by this flood, for she was rescued only by being conveyed in a wagon box to the nearest visible land, some three miles distant. Her rescuer with this strange craft was her eldest son, Judge William C. Lemmon, now of Sierra Valley, Sierra County, with whom she was then living.

After her misfortunes near Marysville she went to reside with her daughter's family at Carson, and subsequently with B. Frank. Lemmon and his family in Sierra Valley, where she spent several happy years, becoming widely known and loved by a large circle of admiring friends. Here her "soldier son," as she was wont to call her

youngest son, John G. Lemmon, came to join her after the war, in 1866, and later, in 1874, her only surviving daughter, now Mrs. Rebecca L. Oleson, swelled the home circle. Thus, once more surrounded by her loved children, save one, Charles H. Lemmon, who still lingers near their childhood's home, near Dexter, Michigan, she was able to say, like the noble Roman matron of old, she had "gathered her jewels around her."

During the last six years she has made her home in Oakland, with her youngest son and his wife, who have become botanical explorers of the Pacific Slope, lately representing California, as such, at the World's Exposition, in New Orleans.

Not until Mrs. Lemmon came to reside in Oakland, has the writer had the pleasure and privilege of knowing this truly noble woman. She was endowed with an uncommon spirit of self-sacrifice, which she evinced on all occasions. This was never more touchingly exhibited than during her last illness. Although failing health made her yearn for the presence of her loved ones again, she would not permit herself that gratification—would not even allow the state of her declining health to be made known to her "wandering children," as she loved to call the botanist and his wife, lest they would be deterred in the pursuit of their valuable work. This fond mother even insisted upon their making an extended tour of the Eastern States at the close of the Fair, in the in-

terest of science. She thus deprived them of the consolation of seeing her dear face ere she left them for the other life.

Mrs. Lemmon was the oldest member of Oak Leaf Chapter, No. 8, in Oakland, of the Order of Eastern Star, which she loved with a child-like fervor; also of Lincoln Relief Corps, No. 3, where her gentle influence is still felt. For many years in the early history of her life she ably filled the office of Chaplain in a Lodge of Good Templars at Dexter, Michigan. And again, later, she held that office in the Grange of which she was a member in Sierra Valley, California.

The Ebell Literary and Scientific Society, so widely known, claim her as an honored and interested member. She was indefatigable in doing and promoting good everywhere. No sordid selfishness ever marred the quiet, gentle workings of her zealous heart.

Her illness was of several weeks' duration, and her only fear seemed to be lest she should give trouble to those who ministered to her few necessities. Fortunately her faculties remained bright and perfect to the last, and her sweet spirit was calm and cheerful while contemplating the great change which was slowly drawing nigh. Beside the four children who hurried down to her rescue from Sierra Valley, many another friend watched beside her through the long hours, night after night, and considered

it an honor and a privilege to be permitted to do so.

On the morning of October 7, 1885, she calmly passed away, as in a sweet sleep, in the presence of her son William and her daughter, Rebecca, in the herbarium rooms of her son, in Oakland, at the advanced age of 83 years, 1 month and 11 days.

The ladies of the Eastern Star took charge of her body until her children departed for their home in Sierra Valley, whither they bore the precious casket, which now reposes under lofty pines in the beautiful cemetery at Sierraville, Sierra County. On the return of John G. and Mrs. Lemmon from New Orleans and the East, four days later, they had only the privilege of visiting the picturesque resting place of her they loved so well.

Thus passed away one of the many beautiful lives of those who make rich the world in which they dwell, and who may hope to hear those last consoling words: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Every wise woman buildeth her house. * *
* * * * * * * * * *

She seeketh wool and flax and worketh with her hands.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is of silk and purple.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy.

She openeth her mouth in wisdom, her tongue is the law of kindness.

A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Her children rise up and call her blessed.

REMARKS,

BY THE REV. J. E. BENTON,

AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. AMILA H. LEMMON, HELD AT THE UNDERTAKING PARLORS OF WM. T. HAMILTON, OAKLAND, OCT., 7, 1885.

A scene like this is made doubly solemn by the great responsibility laid upon us who remain to take into our hearts, to reproduce in our lives, the virtues of the departed.

Death has no right to rob the world of goodness. It is one of our duties to see that it does not. Great though the task may be, we must bend all our faculties to it with all our might.

The deceased was a most remarkable personage, especially distinguished by her many domestic virtues.

Born 83 years ago the 27th day of last August —many of us present will remember her last birthday anniversary reception—near Geneva, New York, and passing her youth in a region of loveliness on the Seneca Lake, her soul drank in early and largely much of the beauty, power, and usefulness that Nature so lavishly displays in that portion of the Empire State of New York.

Removing to Michigan at an early day, with

her husband and a family of six children, they soon established a home in the wilderness and became engaged in the duties, cares and trials of a pioneer life.

Born with keen sensibilities, quick to learn and prompt to dispense the kindly duties that arise in all new and scattered communities, she soon became the ministering spirit and general nurse throughout a wide neighborhood; often failing indeed and becoming prostrated by her arduous, self-imposed labors, but as often recovering and striving with renewed diligence; and so twenty-five or thirty years passed, distinctly marked at intervals by the death of her husband and of two of their nine children.

Coming to California in 1860, and into a sparsely settled region, the same pioneer life of labor and love has been hers for many years. In many hamlets, villages and towns of the interior, the loveliness of the character, and the usefulness of the labors of Mrs. Lemmon were widely known and duly appreciated.

When she came among us of Oakland, a few years ago, she brought a ripened and well-rounded intellect, actuated by a strong and universe-loving heart, that, combined, gave her a character most magnetic and lovable.

Two things especially surprised us: One was that age seemed only to have quickened her naturally active intellect. She seized with avidity

every means of instruction and rational enjoyment which this more compact community afforded. Sermons, lectures, concerts, fraternal society gatherings—everything was full of interest to her and yielded pure delight, revealing the strong and cultured intellect that comprehended it all.

But the most wonderful of all was the beautiful blooming or perfection of character. A Christian and church member from her youth, her long life of labor, trials and triumph had crowned her a queen of light, love and joy.

As such she was welcomed to our households. Her furrowed face was a sun-burst; the silver hair about her temples, the aureola of a saint; her ringing laugh, joy-bells of gladness. So genial, loving and sympathetic, with heart so pure, fervid and devoted, she appeared a strengthening and a healing power to all her friends.

Her strong common sense, crystalized by the experience of an octogenarian, endowed her with wisdom true and prompt for all emergencies, and from long training, her nimble, skillful fingers, seemed instinct with helpfulness.

Her Christianity proved itself in deeds, rather than words. Going about doing good to all coming in contact with her, seemed the best expression of her religion.

When such a life closes, and such a personage is removed from our midst it hardly needs the vision of a prophet or seer to enable us to look be-

yond the veil and see our dear friend clasped in the loving embrace of her Savior, and ministered to by the members of her family gone before. Into that eternal home of rest and joy and triumph with the saints and the angels, we yield her until it shall be our privilege to follow her, who has just received the greeting from our Master: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT AND SYMPATHY.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 6, 1885.

* * I was shocked and grieved to learn of the death of your dear mother. How you must miss her, so faithful and true, with her banner always unfurled. But her life's work is done, and well done. She has gone only a little before you. May the benediction of her useful life remain ever in your memories.

MRS. B. B. REDDING.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., NOV. 20, 1885.

* * None but those who have passed through such bitter experiences as you have can know the peculiar sorrow you must feel. We cannot realize that dear little "Grandma Lemmon" has passed to the better land.

Her 80th birth-day was spent with us, three years ago. What a ripe old age! How full of cheerfulness, joy, and thoughtfulness—aye, of work and assistance to the last. I never knew a more unselfish and helpful person. It is forty years since we first knew her as a neighbor at "Lake Cottage" in dear old Michigan, and she was then an old resident.

Think of her long Christian life and loving labors! What a blessed memory and benediction to her children and friends. In the language of the poet,

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

Your sympathizing friends,

HERVEY B. MUSCOTT AND FAMILY.

COLDWATER, MICH., NOV. 22, 1885.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—

Your papers have just been received. So dear Aunt Amila is gone! It was hard that she had to go during your absence, and hard now for you to live without her; but what a long, beautiful life she lived! She was one of the great heroines. Everybody who knew her loved her, and to be able to do for others and be to them what she has always been, is, to

me the greatest gift God bestows upon man. Such lives ought to make us all better.

We cannot mourn for her, and I hope she is to-day busy with her loving ministrations. Your cousin,

ELIZABETH PRUDEN.

WASHINGTON, NOV., 25, 1885.

DEAR COUSINS:—

* * I hasten to assure you how fully we sympathize with you in your afflictions. We sympathize with you and sorrow for ourselves. She was a dear, self-sacrificing mother. You cannot think or speak too lovingly of her. Everybody knew her but to love her; how much more her own family and kindred. Aunt Amila had a hard life during her early pioneer days, yet she was happy in the knowledge of the comfort and assistance she gave to others. Doing for others seemed her very nature.

With deepest sympathy, your cousin,

JOSEPHINE P. MCGOWAN.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, NOV. 24, 1885.

DEAR "L. AND A.:"—

While we were taking *short breaths*—expecting daily that you might drop in upon us on your way home—comes the distressing news of the death of *dear little mother*. We hardly know how to find words to express not only our sympathy, but our personal sorrow over such a loss. That bright, cheerful face no longer beaming over your desolate home, and that loving heart forever stilled in the last repose, we do not like to *realize*, and so indulge in the fond delusion that she is still with you as of old and as we shall always remember her; dear good soul, to whom age brought no disagreeable infirmity, and to whose prolonged life there was no *heart winter!* Thanks for the full and interesting account of her last days, and the comforts by which she was surrounded in the absence of her *wandering children*.

I little thought when we last met at Boston, that my first letter should be an acknowledgment of such a bereavement, though such a sad event was to have been expected in the natural course of events, yet it will come upon you with stunning effect. It is to my mind one of the best evidences of a future life and renewed associations, that we are never ready to give up such associates, even when they have passed the allotted period of human life—we cling to them because the association is not yet complete—rather only *just begun*. So we do right to wait in *hope*.

Under the circumstances, I must postpone many matters of botanical interest that I have been saving up for you. When you get fully settled down to steady work you will write me more fully of your plans and prospects—*work* you know is the best *panacea* for sorrow and there will be no lack in that particular.

I shall ask "Goodness" to add a line, subscribing, myself, as ever, your sincere and now sympathizing friend,

C. C. PARRY.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, NOV. 24, 1885.

DEAR LEMMONIA AND AMABILIS:—

Just a few words to tell you how much we sympathize with you in the death of "Dear little Mother." It was indeed sorrowful tidings to us who had come to love her so much, and how much more to you her dear absent children, who will miss her loving voice and face everywhere, her very being so interwoven with your own. But she has passed from an earthly home to a heavenly paradise. What a joyful meeting bye and bye! May the Good Father sustain you in your affliction, is the prayer of your loving and affectionate friend,

MRS. E. R. PARRY.

BOTANIC GARDEN, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOV. 7, 1885.

MY DEAR LEMMON AND MRS. LEMMON:—

I hear, at second hand, that you did not reach home in time to see once more the living face of your dear mother—which must have been a grief to you—and that she has gone to her rest. You will for a time miss her very greatly.

I wrote you a letter, of mere inquiry, which should have reached you within a few days of your arrival. But I have heard nothing in reply. You are naturally kept busy with new cares.

Be assured of the profound sympathy of Mrs. Gray and myself.

I am, sincerely,

ASA GRAY.

[Letter from Sir Joseph D. Hooker, late President Royal Society of England.]

ROYAL GARDENS, KEW, ENGLAND, DEC. 5, 1885.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. LEMMON:—

I beg to offer you my hearty sympathy in the loss you have sustained of your most worthy and affectionate parent. I well remember

her and her interest in your botanical work, when I was in California with Dr. Gray. Especially do I recall incidents of our trip to Lake Tahoe, accompanied by Mrs. Gray and your sprightly mother.

I lost my own mother about eight years after my father's death, and though she had been long bed-ridden, I felt a sort of desolation that I had not experienced at any former family loss.

It was not acute like the loss of a child, but it was a *snap with the past*, and a feeling of loneliness supervened. It was a parting of old moorings.

I like the notice in the *Pacific Rural Press* very much. It is nicely done. I congratulate you upon your descent from Henry Hudson—a noble fellow with a tragic end.

Ever sincerely yours,

Jos. D. HOOKER,
Director Royal Gardens.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY

Oak Leaf Chapter, No. 8, O. E. S.

AT THE REGULAR MEETING HELD NOVEMBER 12, 1885.

WHEREAS, Amila Hudson Lemmon, an honored and beloved member of our Chapter, has been taken from our circle by death; therefore,

Resolved, That we have lost one who, through a long life, cheerfully discharged every duty, and whose memory we can best keep green by emulating her virtues. Her work was done, and well done. In her loss we mourn no broken hopes, or thwarted plans. Her life stands rounded and approved in the full growth and stature of perfect womanhood.

Resolved, That, to the sorrowing relatives and friends we offer our heart-felt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of this sincere expression of our feelings be spread on our records.

[SEAL.] *Com.* { BRO. O. H. BURNHAM,
SISTER C. C. N. WALTER,
MRS. C. B. RUTHERFORD.

Attest: MAUD H. TODD,
Secretary.

SENTIMENTS OF THE PRESS.

UNIQUE GARDEN PARTY.

Among the more social events of the week none were more unique or novel in their character than the garden party given by Mrs. Frank M. Smith, last Thursday, at her residence on the corner of East Twenty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, East Oakland, in honor of her aged friend, Mrs. Amila Lemmon, mother of J. G. Lemmon, the well-known botanist. Mrs. Lemmon is 82 years old, and yet is sprightly and genial. She seemed to take a peculiar pride in planting (by request) a lemon tree as a memorial of a happy occasion which all those present hoped would be permitted to linger in her memory for many years to come. In setting the tree she made a neat little speech, in which she hoped that, though the tree would bear sour lemons, its owners' lives might be sweetened by long-continued prosperity.

About thirty guests were present, consisting of the most intimate friends of Mrs. Lemmon and the immediate neighbors of Mrs. Smith. Each of the thirty guests threw a handful of soil around the roots of the tree, and many of them made brief remarks appropriate to the occasion, the short addresses by Mrs. Henry Ward, of Alameda, and Mrs. Dr. Annette Buckle, of this city, being characteristically apt and pleasing. Mrs. Lemmon was then asked to name a recently erected shelter in the garden, and complied by breaking a glass of lemonade over the threshold and suggesting that it be called "Amila Lemmon Shelter," a designation which was hailed with applause by the guests. Refreshments were served, and the afternoon passed in pleasant converse and merry chat. The party began at noon and closed at six o'clock, and every moment was fraught with thorough enjoyment, under the pleasant hospitality of the hostess.—*Oakland Tribune, May, 1884.*

A NOBLE WOMAN GONE.

DIED—Early this morning, at the residence of her son, J. G. Lemmon, at 1205 Franklin Street, after a long and severe illness, Mrs. Amila H. Lemmon, aged 83 years 1 month and 11 days.

Mrs. Lemmon came to this city only a few years ago from the interior of the State, but already had become widely known as a genial, intelligent and warm-hearted lady of the old school. She was very active

and possessed all her faculties remarkably for one of her years, and by the kindness of her manners, and her magnetic, venerable presence, she endeared herself to a large circle of friends to whom "Grandma Lemmon" has been a joy and a benediction, and who will deeply mourn her loss.

Her remains will be taken to-day, by her son, Wm. C. Lemmon, and daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Oleson, who were present during her last days, up to Sierra Valley, Sierra County, for burial, in the neighborhood where Mrs. Lemmon resided for many years and where most of her family still remain.—*Oakland Evening Tribune, Oct. 7, 1885.*

DEATH OF MRS. AMILA H. LEMMON.

Last Tuesday a telegram announced the death, at Oakland, of Mrs. Amila H. Lemmon, mother of W. C., B. F., C. H. and J. G. Lemmon and Mrs. R. L. Oleson. The remains were brought here and the funeral services were held at the church, Thursday, a large number of people being present to pay their respects to all that was mortal of one who was universally esteemed and loved. Mrs. Lemmon was a woman possessing noble qualities of mind and heart, a devoted wife and loving mother. She always had a smile for every one and the world was better for her having been here. All who knew her will deeply mourn her loss.—*Sierra Valley Leader, Oct. 9, 1885.*

ANOTHER MICHIGAN PIONEER GONE.

Died, at Oakland, California, Oct. 7, 1885, aged 83 years, our mother, Amila H. Lemmon. Father and mother came with six children to Michigan in May, 1830, and settled in Lima, near Dexter, Washtenaw County. Mother lived on the farm until 1860, when she emigrated to California. She was blessed with unusual good health until last July, when fever prostrated her. She rallied somewhat, but soon relapsed and a telegram of Oct. 6th: "Mother is waiting for you to come," hurried John G. and wife home, from the East, in hopes that they might meet her this side the river; but she crossed the day they left us.

Father and mother assisted in organizing the Baptist Church in Dexter. Father died in 1836, and mother has so lived that we believe she has only obeyed the summons, "Come up higher."

CHAS. H. LEMMON.

—*Dexter Leader, Dexter, Michigan.*

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

EDITOR TRIBUNE: We desire in the most public and emphatic manner, to express our profound gratitude to our many friends in Oakland and vicinity, for their kindness, and especially to the physicians and those self-sacrificing friends who gave their constant and untiring attentions to our dear mother—Amila Hudson Lemmon—during her last painful and protracted illness, while we were unavoidably absent.

JOHN GILL LEMMON,
SARA PLUMMER LEMMON,
1205 Franklin Street.

OAKLAND, November, 18, 1885.

—*Oakland Evening Tribune.*

MRS. AMILA H. LEMMON.

Died, October 7, 1885, aged 83 years.

[The sweet poet, Miss Coolbrith, early conceived a warm attachment for Mrs. Lemmon and during the latter's fatal illness often watched by her bedside. In the *Oakland Tribune* for Nov. 21, 1885, appeared the following exquisite tribute.]

How shall we speak most fittingly of her
  Who walked the quiet ways
  Through all her busy days,
Unmindful of the world's applause and stir!
  Content to be what many do but seem,
  Happy to do while others only dream,
A worker in God's harvesting; she leaves
Clean fields and garnered sheaves.

Knowing that strong, heroic life, indeed,
We find no words to answer to our need.
  We name her patriot-mother, faithful wife;
  Speak of her home with ready bounty rife;
The toiler, thro' long years, for the dear charge
  Of souls God trusted to her guiding hand.
  The wondrous will; the gentle, firm command;
The helper, friend, and comforter at large.

We name her these, and more !
Wider by far than the wide open door*
  Of her log cabin in the wild, wide West.
Her sympathy and love ! How many birds
  In wandering flight found shelter in that nest—
Repose and helpful words!

No time for idleness or idle tears
She found through all the years ;
  But time enough for thoughtful tenderness,
  That made her path the path of blessedness.
And she was blessed in blessing ! Every hair,
Silvered with age and care,
  Seemed as a shining gem
  In her most womanly, pure diadem.
Each line of Time's keen trace
Upon that strong, sweet face
  More beautiful in truth,
  Than all the rose-flushed smoothness of her youth.

And when she passed away
Into that larger day—
  Which seems as night to us—we could not say,
  We, who so loved her—on the quiet breast
Folding her hands to rest—
If joy or grief, if tears or smiles, were best !

INA D. COOLBRITH.

Oakland, Cal., Nov. 18, 1885.

*When the doorway was cut through the logs of their large house, 40 by 60 feet, Mrs. Lemmon told her husband that she wanted a good, wide, welcoming doorway. "Show me how wide you wish it, Amila," he replied, picking up a hatchet. Raising her apron hem, she placed it along the logs to its full extent—four and one-half feet—while her husband marked the width of the heavy black walnut door which for thirty-five years swung hospitably on its strong hickory hinges.

CPSIA information can be obtained
at www.ICGtesting.com
Printed in the USA
LVHW030335040423
743409LV00004B/199

This work has been selected by scholars as being culturally important, and is part of the knowledge base of civilization as we know it. This work was reproduced from the original artifact, and remains as true to the original work as possible. Therefore, you will see the original copyright references, library stamps (as most of these works have been housed in our most important libraries around the world), and other notations in the work.

This work is in the public domain in the United States of America, and possibly other nations. Within the United States, you may freely copy and distribute this work, as no entity (individual or corporate) has a copyright on the body of the work.

As a reproduction of a historical artifact, this work may contain missing or blurred pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. Scholars believe, and we concur, that this work is important enough to be preserved, reproduced, and made generally available to the public. We appreciate your support of the preservation process, and thank you for being an important part of keeping this knowledge alive and relevant.

Published by Palala Press, an imprint of Creative Media Partners.
support.creativemedia.io

YO-AAR-142